

WHOLE NUMBER 7,821

Presented by James H. S.

At an adjured meeting of the general Assembly of Rhode Island, held at Newport at the House of Henry Palmer, April 11th 1876.

"Voted, That whereas there hath been and still is great occasion, by reason late war with the Indians, whereby appears absolute necessity for the defence and safety of this Colony, and the King's interest herein, that suitable aid be taken for the management of the militia and military forces in this Colony.

"Therefore, for the orderly managing of the militia, this Assembly do agree

to choose a Major, to be chief Captain of all the Colony forces. Captains, inferior officers, and companies, of any place or places in this Colony, so to be commanded in what there is general cause of command, and to have the commission from the General Assembly.

"Captain John Cranston was appointed Major, and his commission was as follows:

"Voted, To John Cranston, by this present Assembly, appointed and chosen Major of this Majesty's Colony of Rhode Island and Providence Plantings, for the well ordering and managing the military forces in this Colony, and for the defense of the

fore, in His Majesty's name, hereby
fully and absolutely empowered and re-

united, as Major of all and singular the said
land forces upon this Colony belonging, to
ing, to undertake the conducting of the
leading and training up of the said
forces and for the preservation of the said
King's subjects in this Colony, to take
care that the said military be put in
readiness to resist any way of
unlawful assault by the said
of defence, and to have
the absolute command of all the Captain
and inferior officers with their re-
spective companies, within this Colony, and
to martial array at your command, and
to repair to such place or places as
may be most for the King's interest and
the safety of the inhabitants herein and
also by your warrants to the several
towns to require, if you can see cause,
more Captains to be chosen
Ireland, and order their several com-
panies to be ready to march to any
watchman and wardens be continuous
and in all cases necessary for the defence
of this Colony, and his Majesty's sub-
jects herein; to command the inferior
officers with their companies, and upon
an assault of an enemy, with their
or either of them, to use your utmost
endeavors to kill, repulse or expel the
destroy all and any of the enemies
of this his Majesty's Colony, that shall
in any hostile manner be found within
the same.

to and the inhabitants herein, and in all things necessary for the peace and safety of the colony; to do and act with full power and authority in the pre-

law martial, for the execution whereof this commission, or the duplicate of

shall be your sufficient warrant a discharge, so that your acting here be not repugnant to the Assembly Governor and Council's orders; and advice of the respective Council's agents to be taken as to watching warding and election of militia officers. In witness whereof, I have signed Assembly.

Witness my hand hereunto, with seal of the Colony affixed by the recorded. Wm. Coddington, Governor.

"Voted, Whereas there hath been embargo upon all corn and bread in this Island, and there being a quantity of bluet in Mr. Peleg Sanford's outstore that belonged to Boston Colony we had cause and necessity to make use of some of it; and we had spent some of our own store for supply of the same and knowing that they did not need it or otherwise might supply themselves so we intending and resolving to be accountable and satisfy them in what we be ready to supply them in what can be seen that the said bread is seized and secured for the Colony's use.

"The above named bread was laid out for the stores furnished by Massachusetts for the use of the wounded officers

ela- cured of their wounds, after the swamp fight in Narragansett.
"At a General Assembly held at R

The Election was
Walter Clarke, Governor.
John Cranston, Deputy Governor.
Assistants.
John Coggeshall, James Barker,
Easton, Thomas Harris, Arthur
ner, William Bordeu, Joshua Co-
hall, William Cadman, Randall Ho-
Samuel Rogers, Jun.
John Coggeshall, Recorder.
James Rogers, Sergeant.

free
is a
zens

Walter Clarke, Attorney.
Robert Williams, Solicitor.
Deputies.
Hon. Norbert C. G. G. Peter

ton, Daniel Gault, John Wood, L. A. Clifton, Nicholas Eaton, George F. Frothingham, William Carpenter, Stephen Arnold, Thomas Olney and Ward Smith.

For Portsmouth, George Lawton, John Freeborn, Samuel White, Francis Bratton.

"At this election seven new members of the House of Assistants were chosen and those turned out were principally the friends of Friends. Notwithstanding the Governor elect was a Friend, the people were more inclined to energetic war measures than had been taken by the last Assembly.

"This Assembly ordered that three barrels of powder, and two thousand pounds of lead be purchased for the Company.

"Major John Cranston was authorized to appoint all military officers for the whole year.

"Several of the freemen of the town of Providence petitioned the Assembly

Pro- said town at the charge of the C
and A committee was appointed to
will Providence, and there to date

and the place or places where
shall be kept, or whether any at
"The Assembly adjourned, to
again on the 14th of June, 1876.

NEW STOCK.
—
CARPETS,
OIL CLOTHS
LINOLEUM,
RUGS, MATS
ART SQUARES.
WALL PAPER
—AND—
WINDOW SHADES
—
Standard Goods at Low Prices.
—
W. C. COZZENS & Co.
138 Thames St

Poetry.

A Song of Cheerfulness.

The weary world's a cheery place
For those who love to live;
Thank God, there's not a human face
But has some brighter smile.
The soul that comes with mirth and merriment
Through health and fortune's veil,
Brings back the childhood of the earth,
And keeps it close and near.

The plodding world's an eager place
For those who love to live;
Where all are hidden to the race
Let him who dare refuse life
The simplest that the heart can try,
The simplest that the heart can try,
Knowledge can amply glorify,
And art can crown with beauty.

A busy, busy, kindly place
Is this world of ours,
For those who love and work and play,
And fill their hands with flowers,
Who kind and just and grateful hearts
The poorest give a glad and true,
To find a heaven in themselves,
And find themselves in heaven.

Selected Tale.

"MY COUSIN AMY."

Here is a story that Mr. Van Rensselaer Crosscraigh told a few of his cronies at the club the other evening over the final brandy and soda. They never before suspected him of any sentimental weakness, but now they have their doubts about it. He did so often in the telling of it, even when he had finished the resumed his natural manner and swore at the waiter for showing a natural desire to clean up for the evening and go, perhaps, to his sweet-heart. Here's his story:

"I have known my cousin Amy since the days when she was five and I was fifteen, and that was many years ago. Still, I never during all that time even suspected the truth, and I never knew it till it was too late. Then I learned what might have been; and, as I thought the simple story over, it occurred to me it might, in its moral, prove useful to other youngsters as bliv'ar I was and have been. Fortune knocks twice at a man's door. Few of us know our caller when she visits us and are generally disposed to ignore her summons, taking her for a creditor or a bore. The only way is to learn from the experience of our elders.

"Young folks think that the old folks are fools, old folks know that young folks are fools. Thus goes the old proverb the sanity of which never impresses on till he has crossed thirty. But let me tell you the story of my cousin Amy.

"To begin with, she was the sweetest girl that ever was or will be. And she is now, but this is only the complement of this story. Well, Amy was, and will be, the sweetest girl in the world. Still, I never loved her—except as a cousin and not as a sweet girl, the sweetest I have ever known or shall see. From now on I don't know, I can tell—but you are not interested in my future or Amy's so let's get back to the story. Well, then, I have known my cousin Amy since she was five years old. Even then she had an air of being a little more than a child, and was not overawed even by the fullness of life and spirit which was her second best charm. Even at her age, when young maidens of five do not linger long in the thoughts of youth, I was fond of Amy. She was companionable even then, and though at times noisy and persistent, she infused her grace, even into those disagreeable qualities and made them all lovely. This Amy was at the age of five. Well, you know how a young child changes at seventeen. How he becomes then one thing or the other good or bad, studious or careless, serious or trifling. During the ten years I saw Amy only now and then. She was changing and developing also, but I paid little attention to her growth. It was chasing after the gods, which was the only thing that attracted the young man. Amy was only a child at my advanced years, and while family connections kept me in frequent contact with her, I thought of my old young friend only as a rather awkward, shy girl of fifteen, while I was rejoicing in the full manhood and unlimited experience and wisdom of twenty-five.

"When I saw her in those days I paid little attention to her. There was still the old sweetness there, the power of loving, the simple but strong attractiveness, but I was busy with my false gods and false goddesses. You men of thirty, you know where you worshiped then, and you know you were devoted in your worship, and how the fallacy and how the hollowness of your creed never strikes you until you have had five or ten years of it, and how then you learn your god is stuffed with the dirtiest kind of sawdust and the worshiper stinks in your nostrils. Well, I passed through that stage. I went the rounds and rejoiced in the degradation of a rounder. No hog wallowed in his fifth more luxuriously than I, and it took me ten long years to learn that there was not a more degrading anything in the world than the worship of a rounder, that alcoholically stimulated spirits and the purchased attentions of women are the bitterest mockeries on God's earth. They are hell's counterfeitfeits, but so-called counterfeits they are, and only the sick and decrepit of youth are deceived by them.

All this being borne on my story of Amy, because, thank God, after a while my eyes were opened and I saw the falseness of my life. And as when a man has thrown the blunders and errors of his youth in the gutters of dissipation he takes the faded remnant back to the highway, so I, feeling I had been giving much for nothing, betrouth myself that perhaps the ways of decent people were rather wiser, and I sought to treat them. Society did not condemn

"The kind boss makes his biscuits with."

allied with the same care in the selection of other healthful ingredients is what has made

OUR SUCCESS

and built up our tremendous business; sales of over 3,000,000 pounds of our Lunch Biscuits alone is an example of the public's appreciation; but to come back to the beginning, the keystone of all was simply our now famous

BOSS BAKING POWDER

Declared by the severest Chemical Analysis to be the purest, safest, surest and most economical leavening compound ever put on the market.

YOUR REPUTATION

as a housewife of the greatest skill in the preparing of pies, cakes and biscuits will be established. It follows for example. Take no substitute from your grocer.

C. D. BOSS & SON, New York, Conn.



Correspondence.

Mr. Editor—In these days of sentimentalism, it is not surprising that we have passed the last mile, June 27th, 1897, the 40th anniversary of the signing of the North American continent by the "Cable." Their petition, praying for the sanction of the Crown of England, to a proposed voyage to unknown lands, beyond the seas, was granted by Henry 7th, in March 6, 1496. They sailed from Bristol, discovered the coast of Labrador, explored the whole coast, from Beaufort Bay to Cape Hatteras, and may be said to have founded the fishing industry of Newfoundland; this naturally attracted the attention of the maritime world; ships from different countries met in St. John's Bay, Newfoundland. The French were especially active in the trade, which led to the exploration of the St. Lawrence, the great lakes of the continent, the Mississippi river.

The English did not follow up the Canadian discoveries until the latter years of Queen Elizabeth, granddaughter of Henry 7th, but it was on their discoveries that England based her right to colonize. Mr. Alex. Bram, who has written in late years a work entitled, "The Genesis of the United States," says that "as a nation was trace back to the discoveries of John Cabot." What England did for Virginia may be seen by studying his book. True, England was not wise, always, in the treatment of her colonies; but the fact remains, that she fostered them into life and healthy existence, and to the mother country we owe the best points in our national being. Her blood, her language, her laws and literature have conferred on us one of the foremost countries in the world.

It is not fitting to encourage sympathy between the two nations, speaking the same tongue, and of mutual advantage to each other?

It seems strange that ere this so fitting testimonial has been rendered to the memory of the "Cabot." Individual effort has been exerted to let our international recognition of the importance of their work, but without success so far as England and the United States are concerned. Canada is moving in the matter. Will it rest with her?

Aug. 23, '06.

The Name Was Familiar.

A traveling man, well known in the bottoms, had occasion to pay a business visit to Lebanon, O., one day recently. He was accompanied, as usual, by a large and varied assortment of trunks and grips. When he alighted from the train he immediately set about to find a drayman to haul the trunks and grips to the hotel. He hadn't long to look for a veteran, gray-haired son of Ham approached him and solicited the job. The baggage was loaded on the old, rickety dray, and the drummer jumped on to ride the man with the order book and hardened cheek cracked jokes and jollied the old driver as only a drummer can. Finally he asked his name.

"My name, sah, is Gawgo Vassinger."

"George Washington," repeated the drummer. "Why, that name sounds familiar, believe I've heard it before somewhere."

"I expect you has," the old dray rejoined. "I've been drivin' 'em down for 25 years, sah." Not a muscle of the ebony face relaxed, and he looked straight ahead.

The drummer says the story is always good for a big order.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Mother's Work.

"My mother gets me up, builds the fire, and gets my breakfast, and sends me off," said a bright youth. Then she gets my father up and gets his breakfast and sends him off. Then she gives the other children their breakfast and sends them to school; and then she sends the baby to his breakfast.

"How old is the baby?" asked the reporter.

Oh, she is 'most two, but she can talk and walk as well as any of us."

"Are you well paid?"

"I get two dollars a week, and father gets two dollars a day."

"How much does your mother get?"

"With a bewildered look the boy said, 'Mother she don't work for anybody.'"

"I thought you said she worked for all of you."

"Oh, yes, for us," she does; but there ain't no money in it."

Clever Popkins.

"Popkins is a clever fellow."

"What has he done now?"

"He's put a spring gun in his back yard, a burglar alarm at every window, an electric mat at each door, and a bulldog in the kitchen. It cost money, but he accomplished the purpose he aimed at."

"What was that?"

"He's got the burglar to scared that she's afraid to try to late at night."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Then She Took It Out.

She was a new nurse at the hospital, and she had been told to use the water at 100 degrees.

The doctor, watching, saw the patient wince. "That water's too hot," he said, testing it. "I said 100 degrees, not 115 degrees."

The nurse turned with dignified protest. "I tested the water two minutes ago," she said. "I put the thermometer in and left it until it touched 100 degrees."—New York Times.

September Magazines.

The complete novel to the September issue of Lippincott's is "A Marital Liability," by Elizabeth Thompson Train, well known as the author of "A Social Highwayman." His hero chivalrously bears the punishment of another's crime, but ultimately gets his deserts, which are high. "A Hard Answer, and How it Turned Away Wrath," is a brief but vigorous Texas tale by Alice McGowan. Henry A. Parker tells "How Hawkins was Raped," which was in a manner wholly unexpected by the regulars. "A Pairing of Angels," by which Wolf von Schlerbrand writes, is supposed to be secretly preserved in a monastery on Mount Athos, and to be copied by a Greek abbot, who had to become a monk to obtain access to it. Jean Theodore van Oostel, the Dutch explorer in the East Indies, describes "A Tiger-Hunt in Borneo," which had no tiger in it, but was not the less dangerous.

"The Natural History of Fieriness" is a study by Fred. F. Powers, in a way more complementary to the advocates of free will than to their opponents. They and their ancestors—all active Americans—he explains, have accomplished such marvels in upbuilding a new country that they think they can do anything.

"The Life of a Medical Student," Theodore Stanton details the "Advantages of International Exhibitions," and the late Col. John A. Cockerill, whose journalistic fame was won in local papers, tells "How to Conduct a Local Newspaper."

"Heroes, Past and Present," are lightly handled by Nina K. Allen. For "Company," Dr. Charles G. Abbott eyes, and the late Col. John A. Cockerill, whose journalistic fame was won in local papers, tells "How to Conduct a Local Newspaper."

The Atlantic Monthly for September will contain two important articles bearing on the political campaign—on "The Election of the President" by the historian, John H. Moberg, and the other a very striking paper on "The Problem of the West" by Professor Frederick J. Turner. Wisconsin, he traces the apparent Eastern and Western sectionalism and maintains that the true American is the man of the Middle West. The opinion is given for a divergence of opinion, on the currency question for instance, are so clearly indicated that the article is particularly illuminating as a study of opinion as shown in the present campaign.

There will also appear in this number of the Atlantic two articles that suggest and (in a sense) contain the most eventful chapter in modern history. One is "The Story of Uncle Tom's Cabin," by Charles Dudley Warner, who tells the unprecedented history of this book; and the other is "The Awakening of the Negro," by Booker T. Washington. The most daring prophecy could not have foretold that a black institute in Alabama forty years ago in fact nothing conceivable would have seemed so improbable.

A series of short tales of life experiences in a Massachusetts factory Valley, by Mrs. Lillie Chase Wyman, will also be an interesting feature of September Atlantic.

Discouraging.

"Well, how do you like farming? Has the hog cholera got in your pigweed patch yet?" asked the friend from the city.

Johnson, who had rented a farm to escape an epidemic of agoraphobia that was raging in the city, extracted a shiver from his thumb and replied:

"I can tell you, farming isn't the snap folks think. There's lots of work. A couple of weeks ago I wanted to set a hen. The hens were all laying, and not wishing to interrupt them I set a rooster. I've been working with him ever since. That bird is as fat as a fiddle, and he's a summer girl. My worst stroke of luck was last week."

"What was it? Forgive to put quilts on your onion bed?"

"No, not that. You see, I had a colt that was in rather poor flesh. One of the neighbors told me to feed it plenty of corn in the ear. I did so, and I am afraid it is going to die. The poor animal has been deaf as a bat ever since."—Truth.

What He Was Doing.

Into an alley on Fifth street, between Jefferson and Market, a young fellow who had the appearance of a country haysed wandered yesterday and stood near the entrance, gazing up at the show bills, reading them aloud and spelling them aloud as he read. He attracted the attention of the passerby, who was asked his name, and he answered, "I'm just bin waitin' to see how long a gentleman could stand here and mind his own business before some durned fool would ask him what he was a-doin'." He then quietly walked up the street.—Louisville Commercial.

A Good Guess.

"Frank," said Mrs. Snuggs to her husband, "I want you to go with me to a conundrum social tonight for the benefit of my pet charity."

"I suppose," replied Mr. Snuggs, "that it is called a conundrum social because it is hard to guess how much it will cost you before you get out."

At a special meeting of the Bio-Geographical Society of the New York Academy of Sciences, held on Jan. 31, to discuss the origin of instinct with reference to the inheritance of acquired character, Principal C. Lloyd Morgan of Bristol England, says Science, "described his interesting experiments with chicks and ducklings, and held that these and other evidence tend to show that instincts are not performed under the influence of the intelligence and then inherited. A chick will peck instinctively at food, but must be taught to drink. Chicks have learned to drink for countless generations, but the acquired action has not become instinctive."

The recent discovery of flint implements in Somaliland by Selous-Kerr is regarded as an important contribution to the evidence of the extent of which man of science hope, eventually, to be able to locate the cradle of the human race. The implements referred to are identical in form with those found in northwestern Europe and in India, and this fact is thought to be an indication that in the remote prehistoric times called the Paleolithic age the inhabitants of Asia, Africa and Europe belonged to a single race.

"Great Scott!" howled the boss, "do you take you four hours to carry a message three squares and return?"

"Why," said the new office boy, "you told me to see how long it would take me to go there and back, and I done it."—Tadpole Journal.

"Is there much pretty sent in to the editor?" the caller asked of the office boy.

"Pretty?" replied that intelligent son-in-law. "The editor has poetry to burn."—Littling-Chronicle Telegraph.

"It is not good form now to speak of an ocean greyhound?"

"What is the correct expression?"

"An ocean scorchler."—[Pack.]

Children Cry for

Pitcher's Castoria.

Children Cry for

Pitcher's Castoria.

Wonderful!

So a lady exclaimed after using Ypsilanti Specific for the first time. A constant sufferer with sick headache and lame back, she was relieved in ten minutes after applying this magic water.

YPSILANTI SPECIFIC

A NATURAL MINERAL WATER. and is now completely cured. More than that, she tells all her friends about it. Our Home Treatment Book tells about it, and contains much valuable matter. You can get it by sending 10 cents in stamps to pay postage.

Your dealer can get this Specific from us.

THE YPSILANTI SPECIFIC CO., BOSTON.

GEO. L. CLAFIN & CO., Distributing Agents, Providence, R. I.

SEPTEMBER MOON VIEWING.

A Most Profitable Festival in the Little Japanese Island of Miyajima.

They were such kindly village and fisher folk that we soon grew attached to our neighbors, and one old samurai, a boatman, and his sons were our daily companions. They knew where to take us in the morning to see the best of the flat bottomed sampan into caves and tunnels and under arched rocks that framed charming pictures, and we never tired of floating about the colossal tortoise, the Miyajima urubine made water-carnivals about us, diving and eplashing tirelessly for the smallest coin, our sampan surrounded by these lively little brown frogs, with bright, happy faces. On the night of the great September moon viewing the sampan took us far down the shore at sunset, letting us see two of the ten forms of the talismans, their portraits and costumes masked in foliage and looking innocently down upon the narrow, sloping straits that commands the entrance to Ojima. Incoming junks seemed to reef their sails purposely for us, fishermen cast and drew their nets, and all of picturesque water life showed until dark.

There was only a little time of darkening and real night before a pale effulgence shone behind the heights, and Ochiai San rose, tinged herself in a pale rose branches, soared clear for awhile as she turned the whole bay, for the temple and the temple to elver, and then, like a true Japanese moon, barred herself across with narrow cloud bands. There were quiet groups and solitary souls musing under the breath on the hill beside the temple's hall and looking down upon the temple, which seemed to be truly floating on a full glowing silver sea. Every corner was a shining space, and no sound was heard save the distant hand strokes of those praying before the shrines.

From this vision of enchantment we went by shadowy streets to our maple leaf bath, where the witchery of moonlight filled the little glen with more of fairyland than ever. At our doorway a little altar table had been placed, and two plates of the rice dumplings, symbol of abundance and prosperity, and a vase of Lospedea and the early "matsumi weeds," illumined by the flame of a tiny wick laid over the edge of a saucer of oil, were set in silent offerings to Ochiai San. A deer stood back in the shadows, gazing with shining eyes at this eloquent offering, but nothing disturbed the homely altar until dawn showed the sunnier banner of its oil, and the greatest moon festival of the year was over.—Eliza Rubenah Seidmore in Century.

From this vision of enchantment we went by shadowy streets to our maple leaf bath, where the witchery of moonlight filled the little glen with more of fairyland than ever. At our doorway a little altar table had been placed, and two plates of the rice dumplings, symbol of abundance and prosperity, and a vase of Lospedea and the early "matsumi weeds," illumined by the flame of a tiny wick laid over the edge of a saucer of oil, were set in silent offerings to Ochiai San. A deer stood back in the shadows, gazing with shining eyes at this eloquent offering, but nothing disturbed the homely altar until dawn showed the sunnier banner of its oil, and the greatest moon festival of the year was over.—Eliza Rubenah Seidmore in Century.

From this vision of enchantment we went by shadowy streets to our maple leaf bath, where the witchery of moonlight filled the little glen with more of fairyland than ever. At our doorway a little altar table had been placed, and two plates of the rice dumplings, symbol of abundance and prosperity, and a vase of Lospedea and the early "matsumi weeds," illumined by the flame of a tiny wick laid over the edge of a saucer of oil, were set in silent offerings to Ochiai San. A deer stood back in the shadows, gazing with shining eyes at this eloquent offering, but nothing disturbed the homely altar until dawn showed the sunnier banner of its oil, and the greatest moon festival of the year was over.—Eliza Rubenah Seidmore in Century.

From this vision of enchantment we went by shadowy streets to our maple leaf bath, where the witchery of moonlight filled the little glen with more of fairyland than ever. At our doorway a little altar table had been placed, and two plates of the rice dumplings, symbol of abundance and prosperity, and a vase of Lospedea and the early "matsumi weeds," illumined by the flame of a tiny wick laid over the edge of a saucer of oil, were set in silent offerings to Ochiai San. A deer stood back in the shadows, gazing with shining eyes at this eloquent offering, but nothing disturbed the homely altar until dawn showed the sunnier banner of its oil, and the greatest moon festival of the year was over.—Eliza Rubenah Seidmore in Century.

From this vision of enchantment we went by shadowy streets to our maple leaf bath, where the witchery of moonlight filled the little glen with more of fairyland than ever. At our doorway a little altar table had been placed, and two plates of the rice dumplings, symbol of abundance and prosperity, and a vase of Lospedea and the early "matsumi weeds," illumined by the flame of a tiny wick laid over the edge of a saucer of oil, were set in silent offerings to Ochiai San. A deer stood back in the shadows, gazing with shining eyes at this eloquent offering, but nothing disturbed the homely altar until dawn showed the sunnier banner of its oil, and the greatest moon festival of the year was over.—Eliza Rubenah Seidmore in Century.

From this vision of enchantment we went by shadowy streets to our maple leaf bath, where the witchery of moonlight filled the little glen with more of fairyland than ever. At our doorway a little altar table had been placed, and two plates of the rice dumplings, symbol of abundance and prosperity, and a vase of Lospedea and the early "matsumi weeds," illumined by the flame of a tiny wick laid over the edge of a saucer of oil, were set in silent offerings to Ochiai San. A deer stood back in the shadows, gazing with shining eyes at this eloquent offering, but nothing disturbed the homely altar until dawn showed the sunnier banner of its oil, and the greatest moon festival of the year was over.—Eliza Rubenah Seidmore in Century.

From this vision of enchantment we went by shadowy streets to our maple leaf bath, where the witchery of moonlight filled the little glen with more of fairyland than ever. At our doorway a little altar table had been placed, and two plates of the rice dumplings, symbol of abundance and prosperity, and a vase of Lospedea and the early "matsumi weeds," illumined by the flame of a tiny wick laid over the edge of a saucer of oil, were set in silent offerings to Ochiai San. A deer stood back in the shadows, gazing with shining eyes at this eloquent offering, but nothing disturbed the homely altar until dawn showed the sunnier banner of its oil, and the greatest moon festival of the year was over.—Eliza Rubenah Seidmore in Century.

From this vision of enchantment we went by shadowy streets to our maple leaf bath, where the witchery of moonlight filled the little glen with more of fairyland than ever. At our doorway a little altar table had been placed, and two plates of the rice dumplings, symbol of abundance and prosperity, and a vase of Lospedea and the early "matsumi weeds," illumined by the flame of a tiny wick laid over the edge of a saucer of oil, were set in silent offerings to Ochiai San. A deer stood back in the shadows, gazing with shining eyes at this eloquent offering, but nothing disturbed the homely altar until dawn showed the sunnier banner of its oil, and the greatest moon festival of the year was over.—Eliza Rubenah Seidmore in Century.

From this vision of enchantment we went by shadowy streets to our maple leaf bath, where the witchery of moonlight filled the little glen with more of fairyland than ever. At our doorway a little altar table had been placed, and two plates of the rice dumplings, symbol of abundance and prosperity, and a vase of Lospedea and the early "matsumi weeds," illumined by the flame of a tiny wick laid over the edge of a saucer of oil, were set in silent offerings to Ochiai San. A deer stood back in the shadows, gazing with shining eyes at this eloquent offering, but nothing disturbed the homely altar until dawn showed the sunnier banner of its oil, and the greatest moon festival of the year was over.—Eliza Rubenah Seidmore in Century.

From this vision of enchantment we went by shadowy streets to our maple leaf bath, where the witchery of moonlight filled the little glen with more of fairyland than ever. At our doorway a little altar table had been placed, and two plates of the rice dumplings, symbol of abundance and prosperity, and a vase of Lospedea and the early "matsumi weeds," illumined by the flame of a tiny wick laid over the edge of a saucer of oil, were set in silent offerings to Ochiai San. A deer stood back in the shadows, gazing with shining eyes at this eloquent offering, but nothing disturbed the homely altar until dawn showed the sunnier banner of its oil, and the greatest moon festival of the year was over.—Eliza Rubenah Seidmore in Century.

From this vision of enchantment we went by shadowy streets to our maple leaf bath, where the witchery of moonlight filled the little glen with more of fairyland than ever. At our doorway a little altar table had been placed, and two plates of the rice dumplings, symbol of abundance and prosperity, and a vase of Lospedea and the early "matsumi weeds," illumined by the flame of a tiny wick laid over the edge of a saucer of oil, were set in silent offerings to Ochiai San. A deer stood back in the shadows, gazing with shining eyes at this eloquent offering, but nothing disturbed the homely altar until dawn showed the sunnier banner of its oil, and the greatest moon festival of the year was over.—Eliza Rubenah Seidmore in Century.

From this vision of enchantment we went by shadowy streets to our maple leaf bath, where the witchery of moonlight filled the little glen with more of fairyland than ever. At our doorway a little altar table had been placed, and two plates of the rice dumplings, symbol of abundance and prosperity, and a vase of Lospedea and the early "matsumi weeds," illumined by the flame of a tiny wick laid over the edge of a saucer of oil, were set in silent offerings to Ochiai San. A deer stood back in the shadows, gazing with shining eyes at this eloquent offering, but nothing disturbed the homely altar until dawn showed the sunnier banner of its oil, and the greatest moon festival of the year was over.—Eliza Rubenah Seidmore in Century.

From this vision of enchantment we went by shadowy streets to our maple leaf bath, where the witchery of moonlight filled the little glen with more of fairyland than ever. At our doorway a little altar table had been placed, and two plates of the rice dumplings, symbol of abundance and prosperity, and a vase of Lospedea and the early "matsumi weeds," illumined by the flame of a tiny wick laid over the edge of a saucer of oil, were set in silent offerings to Ochiai San. A deer stood back in the shadows, gazing with shining eyes at this eloquent offering, but nothing disturbed the homely altar until dawn showed the sunnier banner of its oil, and the greatest moon festival of the year was over.—Eliza Rubenah Seidmore in Century.

From this vision of enchantment we went by shadowy streets to our maple leaf bath, where the witchery of moonlight filled the little glen with more of fairyland than ever. At our doorway a little altar table had been placed, and two plates of the rice dumplings, symbol of abundance and prosperity, and a vase of Lospedea and the early "matsumi weeds," illumined by the flame of a tiny wick laid over the edge of a saucer of oil, were set in silent offerings to Ochiai San. A deer stood back in the shadows, gazing with shining eyes at this eloquent offering, but nothing disturbed the homely altar until dawn showed the sunnier banner of its oil, and the greatest moon festival of the year was over.—Eliza Rubenah Seidmore in Century.

From this vision of enchantment we went by shadowy streets to our maple leaf bath, where the witchery of moonlight filled the little glen with more of fairyland than ever. At our doorway a little altar table had been placed, and two plates of the rice dumplings, symbol of abundance and prosperity, and a vase of Lospedea and the early "matsumi weeds," illumined by the flame of a tiny wick laid over the edge of a saucer of oil, were set in silent offerings to Ochiai San. A deer stood back in the shadows, gazing with shining eyes at this eloquent offering, but nothing disturbed the homely altar until dawn showed the sunnier banner of its oil, and the greatest moon festival of the year was over.—Eliza Rubenah Seidmore in Century.

From this vision of enchantment we went by shadowy streets to our maple leaf bath, where the witchery of moonlight filled the little glen with more of fairyland than ever. At our doorway a little altar table had been placed, and two plates of the rice dumplings, symbol of abundance and prosperity, and a vase of Lospedea and the early "matsumi weeds," illumined by the flame of a tiny wick laid over the edge of a saucer of oil, were set in silent offerings to Ochiai San. A deer stood back in the shadows, gazing with shining eyes at this eloquent offering, but nothing disturbed the homely altar until dawn showed the sunnier banner of its oil, and the greatest moon festival of the year was over.—Eliza Rubenah Seidmore in Century.

From this vision of enchantment we went by shadowy streets to our maple leaf bath, where the witchery of moonlight filled the little glen with more of fairyland than ever. At our doorway a little altar table had been placed, and two plates of the rice dumplings, symbol of abundance and prosperity, and a vase of Lospedea and the early "matsumi weeds," illumined by the flame of a tiny wick laid over the edge of a saucer of oil, were set in silent offerings to Ochiai San. A deer stood back in the shadows, gazing with shining eyes at this eloquent offering, but nothing disturbed the homely altar until dawn showed the sunnier banner of its oil, and the greatest moon festival of the year was over.—Eliza Rubenah Seidmore in Century.

From this vision of enchantment we went by shadowy streets to our maple leaf bath, where the witchery of moonlight filled the little glen with more of fairyland than ever. At our doorway a little altar table had been placed, and two plates of the rice dumplings, symbol of abundance and prosperity, and a vase of Lospedea and the early "matsumi weeds," illumined by the flame of a tiny wick laid over the edge of a saucer of oil, were set in silent offerings to Ochiai San. A deer stood back in the shadows, gazing with shining eyes at this eloquent offering, but nothing disturbed the homely altar until dawn showed the sunnier banner of its oil, and the greatest moon festival of the year was over.—Eliza Rubenah Seidmore in Century.

From this vision of enchantment we went by shadowy streets to our maple leaf bath, where the witchery of moonlight filled the little glen with more of fairyland than ever. At our doorway a little altar table had been placed, and two plates of the rice dumplings, symbol of abundance and prosperity, and a vase of Lospedea and the early "matsumi weeds," illumined by the flame of a tiny wick laid over the edge of a saucer of oil, were set in silent offerings to Ochiai San. A deer stood back in the shadows, gazing with shining eyes at this eloquent offering, but nothing disturbed the homely altar until dawn showed the sunnier banner of its oil, and the greatest moon festival of the year was over.—Eliza Rubenah Seidmore in Century.

From this vision of enchantment we went by shadowy streets to our maple leaf bath, where the witchery of moonlight filled the little glen with more of fairyland than ever. At our doorway a little altar table had been placed, and two plates of the rice dumplings, symbol of abundance and prosperity, and a vase of Lospedea and the early "matsumi weeds," illumined by the flame of a tiny wick laid over the edge of a saucer of oil, were set in silent offerings to Ochiai San. A deer stood back in the shadows, gazing with shining eyes at this eloquent offering, but nothing disturbed the homely altar until dawn showed the sunnier banner of its oil, and the greatest moon festival of the year was over.—Eliza Rubenah Seidmore in Century.

From this vision of enchantment we went by shadowy streets to our maple leaf bath, where the witchery of moonlight filled the little glen with more of fairyland than ever. At our doorway a little altar table had been placed, and two plates of the rice dumplings, symbol of abundance and prosperity, and a vase of Lospedea and the early "matsumi weeds," illumined by the flame of a tiny wick laid over the edge of a saucer of oil, were set in silent offerings to Ochiai San. A deer stood back in the shadows, gazing with shining eyes at this eloquent offering, but nothing disturbed the homely altar until dawn showed the sunnier banner of its oil, and the greatest moon festival of the year was over.—Eliza Rubenah Seidmore in Century.

Financial.

8%

FIRST MORTGAGE LOANS.

